

in her other relations with the public. "The wife, the widow, the mother, the household mistress, the human being, declares herself with this incredible frankness, this ingenious candor and guilelessness and unworldliness "which every reader is amazed." This is as ingenious an apology as that offered by Sir Arthur Helps for the Queen's garrulous commonplace about the household servants with which her first journals from the Highlands were filled. But when the most plausible excuse is made, the fact still remains that the publication of these later journals was an act of folly. Even the propriety and good taste of the constant references to Brown are left out of account. The Queen has placed herself in the humiliating plight of exhibiting the sovereignty of one of the greatest nations in the world as a dull woman who spends her time chiefly in thinking and talking about her servants. How much wiser it would have been to bury the charges in Brown's grave and allow her sex the world over to derive their impressions of her from Mrs. Oliphant's charming and sympathetic sketch of her life and character; or from

And who were on the catalogue  
When college was begun?  
Two nephews of the President,  
And the Professor's son:  
Lord! how the Seniors knocked about  
That Freshman class of one!

The inquest upon Salmi Morse has resulted in a verdict of accidental death. Perhaps this is all the evidence justified, but none the less is the case a peculiar one, and it is plain that much remains to be cleared up, though there is little probability that it will be. One or two expressions uttered by the deceased seem to point to a suicidal intention, but there is nothing to warrant the belief that when Morse rushed out of Miss Blackburn's room on the night of his death he had the least idea of drowning himself, and there are some unexplained mysterious circumstances which even tend to cast doubt upon the theory of accident. But the facts

1000

We cannot avoid the conviction that the grateful acceptance of this work is as much a confession of the poverty of the violinist's repertory as of the poverty of the concertgoer's taste. The concerto to which we have listened for so many years. Yet quite as many efforts have been made to enrich this repertory within the last few years as have been made to enrich the pianoconcerto. And among the contributors there have been such excellent musicians as Brahms, Bruch, Dvorak, Dvořák, Gade, Grieg, Saint-Saëns and Tchaikowski, to say nothing of the violinists themselves, Wieniawski and Saksma. Yet, that, despite the efforts of these men, the concerto has remained a dead letter, is a serious investigation and speculation.

Mr. Rhodes is a young artist of excellent talent and high promise. He has been assigned the task he essayed last night called for, and seems to be unfortunate in having an instrument which resists his best endeavors to draw a full force of tone from it. He is, however, a performer worthy of praise for his purity of intonation, notwithstanding the difficulties which the composer piled up for the left hand, and for his insight into the intentions of the composer.

A warrant for a pompous close to the concert was given by the conductor of the symphonic poem, which was given a brilliant interpretation. It is among the most obviously pleasing of Liszt's erratic compositions for orchestra, whether or not the conditions for its performance were such as it. The orchestra musicians performed the Scandinavian symphony and the Brahms variations so recently that a second discussion of the merits of the performance

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